

# "WEALTH"

A POEM BY L. S. WELCH, OF NEW BRAUNFELS, TEXAS.

Is, By Far, the Most meritorious Metrical Production, of American Fidelity, "The Mount of Olives Not Excepted."

I received on October 12, a dilapidated booklet upon the first blank leaf of which was, written in a hand fine enough for a Spencerian writing master, the following legend:

"Presented to the Supremely, Extremely and Superlatively Irreverend C. C. Moore by the Perpetrator L. S. Welch."

The title page is as follows: "Wealth and Meditations. By L. S. Welch, New Braunfels, Texas; The Comal Publishing Co., 1894."

"Wealth" and "Meditations" are separate poems, each having a "preface" in very fine prose, of delicate humor; the one to "Meditations" saying that it was once printed in "The Independent Pulpit" now "The Searchlight."

"Wealth" occupies 25 pages, and "Meditations" seven pages. There are two classes of people who ought to read "Wealth"—they are those who are Socialists and those who are not Socialists.

In the preface to "Wealth" occurs the following: In the following poem, if such it may be called, some may think that in choice of verse I am behind the times; but I am not particular about what part of the procession I am in, it is the company that I look to. It will be understood that the company has no choice in the matter.

I chose the old heroic verse out of respect for others of less dignity, knowing that its reputation could not be sullied by unskillful hands, but I was not certain about the new fangled stanzas of our modern schools. After all, there is not so much credit attached to the invention of measures as putting something new into the old ones.

As to what little sentiment and few ideas may happen to be in the work I have nothing to say, but leave that task to the readers, if any should be found, who, no doubt, will be more than pleased with the opportunity thus offered to express their appreciation in language stronger than the publishers care to print. L. S. W.

The following are samples from the poem "Wealth":

Thy aid, O Muse, I would invoke in song,

Unclose thy lips, let numbers flow along;

Rapt with the theme, O thou my voice inspire,

Strike with deft fingers on thy tuneful lyre!

The power of wealth, the blessing riches bring,

Recount, and praises of their virtues sing!

A theme neglected by the bards of old,

Who sang for glory when they needed gold;

But fame alone no quivering limbs can warm,

Nor feed the hungry nor resist the storm.

Can trump of fame recall thy form when laid

All cold and pulseless in the realms of shade,

Or the loud plaudits of succeeding men

Send life's warm current through thy veins again?

Can name eternal, though it shine for aye,

Give half the pleasure of one healthful day?

Rejoice, then, while existence gives you leave,

Nor wasted past, nor luckless present grieve.

Live to enjoy what haply falls to thee,

The past is gone, the future worse may be.

Whatever you can to ease another's pain,

Do and resume your customary walks again.

Let not your gifts too much consist of air;

Go to your pocket and produce your share.

Think not that words the throbbing heart can heal,

You wound it deeper though it may not feel.

Kind words and glances, though they have a power

Wealth is the stronger in a needy hour;

When friends desert us, and when foes beguile,

A dollar's stronger than the blindest smile;

When dire disaster fills the land with grief,

Who seeks a smiler to secure relief?

Without possessions where would progress be?

Where then, O Paul, thy boasted Charity?

Without them your most righteous deeds must class

As boastful emptiness or sounding brass."

Wealth drives disease and famine from the door

Supports our loved ones and assists the poor.

Ten thousand mercies falling from her hand

Shed thousand thousands blessings o'er the land;

Through haunts of vice her pitying servants seek,

Upraise the fallen and assist the weak;

The dumb give utterance, and the deaf, they hear.

And groans of anguish turn to songs of cheer;

The blind, who wandered in the gloom of night,

Go forth rejoicing in the gift of sight.

Thus on and on, in an increasing flood,

Flow the grand efforts of the great and good;

Homes for the poor, the sick, and orphans rise,

And schools of learning tower toward the skies.

No other friend will stand so helpfully by,

When wrongs oppress and when defenders fly.

Naught can with such peaceful powers assuage

The cares and sorrows of increasing age.

Wealth adds enjoyment to the sum of life

And lends assistance in each earthly strife.

Stands by the bed whereon the sufferer lies,

Tries each relief and bids his spirits rise;

Nor when at last the vital spark is fled,

Deserts its post forgetful of the dead;

But led by love that blossoms round the home,

Builds a memorial o'er the silent tomb.

If wit and wisdom are perchance denied,

Wealth makes a man of what is left beside;

And in the parlor, ball-room, or the streets,

He'll be respected by whomever he meets.

"Tis wrong," you say, that's neither here nor there

We have to take things as we find they are.

Our friends, our foes, as is too often shown,

They love, they hate us for the wealth we own.

But who's to blame? The rich? Why no!

'Tis mother nature who has made them so.

If men are fools 'tis none of your concern,

Strive to instruct them, you're their fools in turn.

Let custom hold all undisturbed their way,

For fools, like dogs, will always have their day.

What nature should be, it were hard to tell,

But what she is, is known to all full well.

He'd best begin, whoever thinks he can

Reform at once the natural ways of man.

Some will be tramps and others will be lords,

Just as with nature each one's life accords.

One loaf in rags, the other proudly dressed,

As taught the preacher by lake of Galilee,

"Poor have ye always, but not always me."

So think the rich, and being Christian too,

Try but to follow as he bade them do.

\*Matt. xxv. ii.

Why should the poor, with unrelenting scorn,

Denounce the rich and curse the better born?

'Tis true they're many, but our country's great,

They'll all get something if they work and wait.

All can't be rich whatever wealth's in store,

Had each a million wealth itself were poor.

Not all the gold Sierra's realms supply

Can quiet envy or contentment buy;

It is the mind that makes the most of earth,

'Tis king of fortune and estates of birth.

One source of evil that's too common now,

Men go to Congress when they ought to plow;

And men too lazy to produce their food,

Seek public office for the public's good.

Preach to the rabble, who are doing well,

And discontent them till their life's a hell.

Till precious time is spent upon the street,

That ought to go to purchase bread and meat.

'Tis not with Congress that the trouble lies,

But politicians, windier than wise.

And why to Congress, plying tales to tell?

Remain at home, raise something you can sell.

The farmer's hand must grapple from the field,

Whatever of happiness this world will yield.

In many products he will find relief

For ailments and his fancied griefs.

No glutted market can the man withstand

With diverse sources opening to his hand;

But following leaders, like a drove of sheep,

Then round the country, mouth's distended wide,

They curse the rich and want a "grand divide;"

They mortgage horses, lands, and tools, and crops

Then get discouraged and go join the "Pops."

And when the pay-day comes, though e'er so late,

They want to borrow at a lower rate;

They've danced on tick, forgetful by the way,

That those who fiddle always want their pay.

Who conceives the vast cathedral's plan

Does more, deserves more from his fellow-man.

Than he who digs the mine, or turns the sod,

Or drives the engine, or conveys the load;

For thousands can such lowly arts pursue,

While brain and judgment are reserved for few.

As with a horse, so with a man no less,

We judge his value by his usefulness.

He does the most who, from an active mind,  
Brings forth new comforts to rejoice his kind,  
Invents some means the idle to employ,  
But he who gives the thoughtless spendthrift bread  
Does him no good, but works a wrong instead.

The rich man's needs, increasing day by day,

Give poor men labor and increase their pay;

His house, his horse, his chaise, his clothes his food

Count so much for the poor man's good.

It is but right, as all experience shows,

The poor should labor while the rich repose;

For did the rich his own pursuits perform,

To toil oppressing bare unshamed his arm,

Where would the poor, their occupation gone,

Find aught for sustenance, thus left alone?

methinks I hear some agitator howl:  
"Were wealth divided there'd be wealth for all;

But corporations grasp each needful store,

Then with high prices they oppress the poor.

We'd make such laws as would the poor protect,

And such as corporations should respect.

We'd have the laborer higher wages paid,

And combination should be stopped in trade;

The poor we'd elevate, the rich depress,

We'd kick the magnate and the tramp caress:

Thus we'd adjust unequal states of men

And golden times would surely come again."

But 'tis replied: Each has a right to do

With what's his own as he is minded to;

And he who would his neighbor's rights unthroned

Seeks a disaster to overwhelm his own.

Who strives in war his foe's strong arm to bind

Must be prepared to suffer acts in kind;

So when the crowds, who'd rather loaf than toil,

Steal from the rich and honest men despoil,

They must expect, unless were Justice dead,

Their acts redounded on each guilty head.

Come, all ye learned in dialectics trained,

Show us what wealth, divided e'er attained;

One great improvement by it brought to light.

A single impulse either wrong or right.

But, when collected and its powers applied,

What vast industries has it then supplied,

By land and sea, it girdles earth around,

And civilizes man wherever found.

A single railroad or a steamship line

Does more to elevate and to refine

Than all the zealous missionary bands

E'er sent by Christians to the heathen lands.

"DOG FENNEL," ET AL.

Maceo, Ky., Oct. 19, '02.

Mr. C. C. Moore:

Dear Brother:—Enclosed \$2.10. One dollar on the Blade Magazine, and \$1.00 on a club of five; will send you \$1.50 more.

I want the 100,000 subscribers and hope to live to see it 500,000, and if we put our shoulders to the wheel we will get them inside of five years.

I don't know what you want to go to Palestine for, but put me down for "Dog Fennel in the Orient" and I hope your book will help to kill priestcraft and kingcraft.

I am truly glad our Congress meets in Lexington, and I hope to be there. I hope we will have no "Great Dynamics," or long tirades about what we have done for the cause. I have been in it for 60 years; commenced with Paine as a deist, then took Ingersoll as an Agnostic and now I am an Atheist.

I send a petition for Dr. Hammer. I was told, just a few minutes ago, that you were in the penitentiary again. I told the parties it was a lie—that I had just finished reading the Blade of October 19th.

I think that story about the "widow's mite" has made more ragged and hungry children and fine dressed theologians, priests and villains than anything except "the damned stuff called alcohol."

I am not giving my little mites to the Blue Grass Blade for notoriety, or because it is in the South, but because I think it is the best free-thought paper ever published. I give more than I am able to give and am only sorry that I am not more able.

I am not saying anything against other free-thought papers, I wish I could take them all and could help them all.

If you were to keep the Blade in fix to suit all you would have time for nothing else. Fix it to suit C. C. Moore. If any man calls Tom Paine a "filthy little atheist" stick him under the short ribs; whether "Old Skinny," Ireland, Spaulding, McGarvey or Zackarier. Respectfully,

T. D. RUTLEDGE.

Kidder's Virgin Mary.

The Blade has now printed the fifth edition of the "Virgin Mary," the most famous Infidel tract of its ever written. This is the article in which we were arrested, tried and acquitted, by the United States Court at Louisville. Price, 10 cents each, or 12 for \$1.00.

# Russia's Crime Against Motherhood

BY JOSEPHINE K. HENRY

The Czarina of Russia is about to become a victim of the most tyrannical government on earth brought about by the dictation of the Church. The Czarina was the Princess Alix of Hesse, one of the most beautiful women of royal blood in Europe. A movement is on foot in Russia inaugurated by the heads of the Russian Church to compel the Czar to divorce himself from the Czarina, because the five children, the Czarina has borne have all been daughters. There is a law in Russia like the Salic law in France prohibiting a woman from ruling the nation. The Czarina and her four living daughters count for naught in either Church or State in Russia. The birth only of girl children to the royal family and the insane desire for a son to inherit the sceptre from his father have put the ecclesiastics and politicians to intriguing to have the Czarina divorced. This is but a repetition of Napoleon's tactics in his eagerness for an heir to the French throne. Napoleon the murderer of men, the usurper of nations, the repudiator of all that is noblest in humanity, the blood thirsty tyrant who sacrificed every thing on the altar of ambition, wrote these words to Josephine when he was suing for her hand: "Devoted to the execution of posterity the one of us who shall be first to surrender the bond that unites us, woven not only by esteem and friendship, but by love." Yet after all such protestations this despotic tyrant of the centuries divorced Josephine because she did not bear him a son. When Napoleon made such a proposition to Josephine she should have cast him from her heart, spurned his offers of friendship, laid aside her royal title and robes, and defended before the world, the majesty of her womanhood. If Josephine had done this, she would have done more to dignify womanhood and wife-hood than any woman in history. But Josephine truckled to the heartless tyrant who trampled on her love and loyalty, and thus the symmetry of her noble character was marred and distorted. History is about to repeat itself, and the Czar of all the Russias to follow in the footsteps of Napoleon who made a slaughter pen of Europe. But this heartless man of destiny received his just deserts for if ever fate sent a keen shaft to shatter human hopes it was when a descendant of Josephine sat upon the throne of France, Napoleon's son by Marie Louise was in his grave, the man of destiny died an exiled prisoner on his lonely island and Louis Napoleon the son of a Horatius and grandchild of the man of destiny, was the only one who was not a victim of the most tyrannical government on earth brought about by the dictation of the Church.

# WOOLING GENTLE WOMAN WITH A PISTOL

This thing of wooling gentle woman with a gun has become unpleasantly frequent. Such a method of expressing deep affection has its drawbacks as any woman would admit.

The press daily records the murder of young women by lovers whose attentions are rejected. On October 9th Alice Fisher, an employee at the government printing office at Washington was shot and instantly killed by her rejected suitor, William Dougherty, who killed the young woman, and then committed suicide because the girl was receiving attentions of another young man.

On October 21st, Marian Nolan, who by her beauty had gained a national reputation as "The California Venus" was shot to death in San Francisco by her jealous rejected lover, Edwin Marchette, who then committed suicide. And so day by day these tragedies are taking place in all sections of our country.

The only redeeming feature is that these tyrants commit suicide and the world is well rid of them. These days if a girl rejects the attentions of a man who is as ugly as sin, in form, face, morals, and disposition, she is in danger of being murdered.

The Christian religion teaches that the man shall rule the woman and that the woman must submit to every injustice and cruelty offered to her, and the boy of 10 years imbibes this idea, and is strengthened with his years, hence the injustice and outrage heaped upon woman is one of the prominent features of Christian civilization.

The Christian God says in his Commandment that "He is a jealous God" and "that thou shalt have no other Gods but me," and this jealous spirit has been transmitted to "the sons of God" and they visit it upon the "daughters of men" with vengeance. God had no daughters, at least if He had, the Bible does not mention them. The Christian marriage ceremony gives the woman to the man at the marriage altar like a sheep and a dog, "who giveth this woman to this man" and the woman is required to vow that she will serve and obey the man as long as life lasts. Millions of women are leading martyr's lives, the victims of this diabolical Christian tenet, which is visited on them with a vengeance after marriage.

But the wholesale slaughter of young girls is evidence that the "serve and obey" theory is now being required of women before marriage.

Napoleon divorced, because she did not bear him a son, because Emperor of France, and now a domestic tragedy is about to be enacted in Russia and the wronged Czarina has it in her power to enlist the sympathies of the whole world, and at the same time strike a staggering blow at the most diabolical ecclesiastical and political hierarchy under the sun. If the heads of the Russian Church influence the Czar to divorce his wife because she has borne five daughters, and no son, the Czarina should spurn both the Czar and the Church, shake the dust of the land of Cossacks from her feet, and return to her native land. The time and the opportunity have arrived when the Czarina can resent in tones that will ring around the earth, this diabolical insult to womanhood and wife-hood. In the transition state of the domestic system, and the defensive position of orthodox religion, both of which have wronged, robbed, outraged and insulted the mothers of the race, the Czarina of Russia has it in her power to so reproach the oppression of her sex, as to strike terror to priestly tyrants, and give courage and hope to the women of the world. Will the Czarina do this? To possess sublimity of character a woman whose trusting love has been outraged must know how to return an insult. Because the woman of the past have slavishly and silently borne their wrongs, the world swarms with tyrants, cowards, and moral degenerates. "Patient Griseldas," may have suited the old time, but regal self-respect, and heroic demand that woman's human rights should be respected, should inspire the modern woman. The Church is at the bottom of this outrage against the Czarina. This is a clear expression of the estimate priestcraft places upon woman. The Czarina since her accession has passed her life in the agonies of travail, and has given birth to daughters only. Because the offspring of the Czarina were shaped by Nature in feminine form, they have aroused the anger of the Procurator of the Holy Synods. Popes, Procurators, Priests, and Parsons, value woman alone for being child-bearers, and when the sex of children does not suit the holy men of God, they advise divorce.

Suppose the Czar takes unto himself another wife, she may present her liege lord with another quartette of daughters, or she may have no children at all. The Church would not doubt keep on divorcing the woman who failed to give birth to a son, to keep up the succession. Yet divorce for just such reasons is howled down by the Church. Any marriage is only a holy union, and sacrament, if only

the woman gives birth to as many children as nature will permit, to augment the number of its dupes.